

*The Historie of*

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne Bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

*Enter the Prince,*

*Prin.* What standst thou idle here? lend me thy Sword,  
Many a Noble man lies starke and stiffe  
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet vnreuengd; I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while: Turke Gregorie neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd Percy, I haue made him sure.

*Prin.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;  
I prethee lend me thy Sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God Hal, if Percy be aliue, thou getst not my Sword; but take my Pistoll if thou wilt.

*Prin.* Giue it me: what is it in the case?

*Fal.* I Hal, tis hot, theres that will Sacke a Citie.

*The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottle of Sacke.*

*Prin.* What, is it a time to iest and dally now.

*He throwes the Bottle at him.*

*Exit.*

*Fal.* If Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbo-nado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: giue me life, which, if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

*Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

*King.* I prethee Harry, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much; Lord Iohn of Lancaster, goe you with him.

*P. Ioh.* Not I, my Lord, vlesse I did bleed too.

*Prin.* I beseech your Maiestie make vp,  
Least your retirement doe amaze your friends.

*King.* I will do so; my L. of Westmerland lead him to his Tent.

*West.* Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

*Prin.* Lead me my Lord: I do not need your helpe;  
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drue

*The*

*Henry the*

*The Prince of Wales* from such a F  
Where staine Nobilitie lies troo  
And Rebels Armes triumph in a

*Iohn.* Wee breath too long, co  
Our dutie this way lies: For Ge

*Prin.* By God, thou hast decei  
I did not thinke thee Lord, offu  
Before I lou'd thee as a Brother,  
But now I doe respect thee as my

*King.* I saw him hold Lord P  
With lustier maintenance then l  
Of such an vngrowne Warriar.

*Prin.* O, this Boy lends metta

*Dowg.* Another King, they gr  
I am the Douglas fatal to all thos  
That weare those colours on the  
That counterfeist the person of

*King.* The King himselfe, wh  
So many of his shadowes thou ha  
And not the very King: I haue t  
Seeke Percy and thy selfe, about t  
But seeing thou fallst on me so luc  
I will assay thee, and defend thy s

*Dowg.* I feare thou art another  
And yet in fayth thou bearest the  
But mine I am sure thou art, who  
And thus I winne thee,

*They fight, the King being in dan*

*Prin.* Hold vp thy head vile S  
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spi  
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, ar  
It is the Prince of Wales, that threat  
Who neuer promisseth, but he mea

*They fight, Douglas fly*  
Cheerely my Lord, how fares you  
Sir Nicholas Gamssey hath for succo  
And so hath Clifton: Ile to Clifton

*King.* Stay, and breath a while,

*K. 2*